

THE
Poet's Ramble
AFTER
RICHES:
WITH
REFECTIONS
UPON A
Countrey Corporation.

ALSO
The AUTHOR's Lamentation in the
Time of ADVERSITY.

By the Author of the Trip to Jamaica.

The Third Edition.



LONDON,
Printed, and Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard,
in Fenchurch-street, 1701.

Poets Rapports

THE

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

THE ARTIST'S TENDENCY IN THE
TIME OF A



By the Author

THE



LONDON

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T H E

Poet's Ramble, &c.

I Sing of neither *Hogan Mogan*,
 Of Ancient *Greek*, or Trusty *Trojan*;
 Or is my Muse dispos'd to Babble,
 Of some strange Antiquated Fable:
 In blust'ring strains to boast or brag-on,
 How *George* for *England* slew the Dragon;
 Or do I Sing in flat'ring Phrases,
 Fair *Helen*, or Queen *Dido's* Praises,
 Or in a whining Cant discover,
 The Fate of some poor flighted Lover,
 Who Raves and Sighs, Laments and Wanders,
 And on disdainful *Phillis* ponders.

I treat you with a Merry Tale,
 Spun o'er a Cup of Nappy Ale.
 For Custom's sake, excuse Preamble,
 I'll Sing you o'er a *Country Ramble*,
 Where I in doleful Cogitation,
 Have view'd with mighty Admiration,
 The circled Earth, and misty Sky,
 Where *Faries* Dance, and *Witches* Fly;
 And *Ralph*, with Hands o'er flaming Cow-turd,
 Turn Tales and Stories inside outward;
 Where Dames, whose pritty Eyes would pierce-ye,
 Will turn up Tailes, for God have Mercy;
 And think no greater Obligation,
 Than the sweet tie of Copulation.
 But least I tire your kind Complaisance,
 By thus Haranguing on your Patience,
 No more bie-Crotchets will I scatter,
 But come with speed unto the matter.

In an Age Blest with no great Plenty,
 When *Wit* and *Money* both were scanty,

I then with quiet Mind possessing
 The *Poets* Ancient Thred-bare Blessing,
 Lodg'd in a Room (I must declare-it)
 Was call'd, for Lofty sound, a *Garret*.
 Where as I Pensively lay Thinking,
 One Morning, after Nights hard Drinking,
 Up came a Man with hasty look,
 And open'd me his Pocket-Book,
 At which my Heart began to fail-me,
 I thought of nought but who should Bail-me.
Good Morn (quoth he) *I'm come to tell-ye,*
Of an Estate of late befell-you ;
Your Grannum is this Life departed,
 Pleas'd with the News, then up I started:
And is my Grannum Dead? (quoth I)
 He answer'd me, *Yea verily,*
Thou may'st believe me without Swearing,
She is as Dead as any Herring.

Well, if the News be True, said I,
 Excuse me that I do not Cry,
 Since 'Tis appointed all must Dye :
 For Grief, you know, will neither save,
 Or call Relations from the Grave.
 I lug'd on Hose, and fell to Dressing,
 Few Tears let fall, small Grief expressing:
 Yet my Heart ak'd, but I protest,
 Thro' fear the News should prove a Jest.

When ready we adjourn'd to Ale-House,
 Where Credit seldom us'd to fail-us;
 And there I made the *Bumkin* Fuddle,
 Till muddy Ale had seiz'd his Noddle;
 And then was forc'd to call two Porters,
 To lead the *Lubber* to his Quarters.

My Landlord, as I pass'd the Bar,
 Cry'd out, *Who pays the Reck'ning here?*
 Said I, pray take it not amiss,
 Remember, I must Pay you this.
 Said he, pray to prevent Mistakes,
Will you Remember what this makes?
 Landlord, let no Ill Thoughts be harbour'd,
 I'll soon be rub'd from off your Bar-board;
 I'll Pay you in a little time;
I doubt, says he, 'twill be in Rhime:

For what so e'er we trust a Poet,
 Our Bar for Seven Years may show-it;
 And then if Dun'd, all that they say to't,
 Poh, that Debts Cancell'd by the Statute.

From thence I went to'th City Crest,
 In Pasty-nook to hire a Beast;
 Where one I got on Reputation,
 To prevent tedious Ambulation:
 A pair of Boots then on I Garters,
 The Owner said, had been King *Arthur's*;
 With Spurs whose inlaid Gallantry,
 Were Types of great Antiquity,
 Girt with a Sword, which in old Wars,
 Made many bloody Wounds and Scars.
 Whose Blade was so Experientive,
 Of 't self it knew to be Defensive;
 Hung in a Belt of *Bufflers* Hide,
 I think, at least, eight Inches wide;
 It was good Armour, let me tell-ye,
 To Guard from Wounds both Back and Belly.

Thus Mounted I my Noble Steed,
 In this brave order to proceed;
 But by the way, my Muse intent is,
 To Sing my Horses Excellencies,
 A short Encomium on his Paces,
 With all his Comely Looks and Graces;
Don Quixot's Steed ne'er mov'd so Nimble,
 VVhen he Advanc'd against the *Wind-mill*.
 And as for Shape, he far surpasses,
 The Courser of Sir *Hugh de Brass's*.
 He was, if I am not mistaken,
 As Fat as any *Hock of Bacon*.
 He'd all his Ribs, I'll Boldly swear-on't,
 I told 'em they were so apparent.
 No Curb he needed, whose will Ride-him,
 Instead of that, a Thread wou'd Guide-him.
 For thus much in his Praise I'll say,
 I never knew him run away.
 Three Legs he'd Gallop, like a Racer,
 But still the Fourth wou'd be a Pacer.
 Yet when he Ambled, sure as cou'd be,
 That self same Leg a Trotter wou'd be,

What Pace so e'er he'd into enter,
 One Leg would still be a Dissenter,
 Which makes me apt to think (Plague Rot-him)
 Some Presbiterians Cart-horse got-him:
 With Whip and Spur, he might be beat-up,
 Into a *Canterbury* Tit-up.

But then on's Knees, he was so humble,
 Each other step wou'd be a Stumble.
 Then would I Spur, Whip, Curse, and Mumble,
 And he, poor Jade, so Groan, and Grumble,
 That 'twould have made you laugh to've seen-us,
 Such work sometimes there was between-us.

He ne'er wou'd Sweat or Tired be,
 Confound him, but he Tired me:
 Hail, Rain, or Shine, he'd in all Weather,
 Trot, Stumble, Gallop, all together;
 So fierce he'd look, when he was Prancing,
 With Pendant Ears, and Tail Advancing;
 And thro' both thick and thin wou'd trudge-it,
 As fast as Afs with Tinkers Budg-it,
 He'd rarely serve some Country Parson,
 To Clap his Laziness's Ars-on,
 Or truly, to exchange my Notion,
 He'd finely fit a *Spaniards* Motion,
 For VVhip and Spur at any Rate,
 VVou'd never make him change his Gate;
 Poor *Poet* ne'er was Mounted thus,
 Sure on so Damn'd a *Pegasus*.

And Madam *Fortune*, she to double,
 Like an old Purblind Bitch, my Trouble,
 And that my Case might be amended,
 My little Coin was soon Expended.

Thus on I Travell'd, hey, gee, *Dobbin*,
 Exempted from the fear of Robbing,
 Till it grew Dark —

And then thro' fear of being assaulted,
 Into an Inn my Prances Haulted,
 With me upon his Back exalted.
 Where I put up my Steed i'th' Stable,
 Who scarce to crawl to th' Rack was able,
 Then to look big, I Cock'd my Caster,
 And bid the *Hofler* call his Master;

Who

Who when he came, cry'd *Welcome Sir,*
You're Welcome into Leicester:
It's pretty Cold Sir, d'ye desire,
To warm you by the Kitching Fire?
 Here Jack, Tom, Harry, Will, *who's there?*
Pray set the Gentleman a Chair.

What News I pray, good Sir, from London?
 I told him now King *James* was Undone,
 For that the *French* had made a Peace,
 Had turn'd to *Swans* some People's *Geese*;
 And that the Cath'lick King of *Spain*
 Was Well, and Sick, and Well again:
 Which if, said I, the the News be true,
 'Tis very bad for you know who.
 My Host reply'd, *Marry good Speed,*
This is rare dainty News indeed:
Here Thomas, take four Cans and fill 'em,
E'fack we'll Drink thy Health brave William;
And if, Good Sir, you will permit me,
I with a Can, or two, will Treat you.

I thank'd him —
 And then undaunted as a Trooper,
 I ask'd him what he had for Supper.
 He answer'd me, rare *Duck* or *Chickin*,
 Or *Ribs* of *Beef*, where was good picking,
 As Fat and Good as Knife cou'd stick-in.
 In then he call'd his pretty Daughter,
 In Truth which made my Chops to water,
 That I shou'd scarce have made a Scruple,
 To've lent her Buttons to her Loophole.
 As she came in, to show her Breeding,
 She drop'd a Cur'sie most exceeding.
 I rose and Kist her, as I shou'd-do,
 And gave her Earnest what I wou'd-do.
 With fine white Hands, layd Cross her Belly,
 She look'd so Tempting, let me tell ye;
 Her Lips so Melting, Soft, and Tender,
 They did so Sweet a Kiss Surrender,
 That Pego like an upstart Hector,
 Finding how much I did affect her,
 Wou'd fain have Rul'd as Lord Protector:
 Inflam'd by one so like a Goddess,
 I scarce cou'd keep him in my Codpiss.

By this time she had brought in Supper,
 Then at the Tables-end that's upper,
 My *Landlord* set his Brawny Crupper;
 VVith Eyes t'wards Heaven devoutly cast,
 As if it were to be his last,
 He said a Grace, as I conjecture,
 As Long as any Ev'ning Lecture.
 His next Oration being then,
Fall on, you're Welcome Gentlemen;
 VVhich he had Spoke, but I no sooner,
 Fell on as fierce as a Dragoon;
 I Cut and Slash'd and Carbonado'd,
 The Meat being cold, had some Grilliado'd.
 VVe sat not long upon our Haunches,
 Ere we had all well stuff'd our Paunches.
 Hiding with's Hat an Hugly Face,
 My *Landlord* then said after Grace:
 And so in order to be Drunk,
 Each gave the VVord for Drink and Funk,
 Then Nasty Cans, well lin'd with Rosin,
 VVere brought us in by the whole Douzen.
 An *Alderman* both Grave and VVise,
 Did from his Elbow Chair arise,
 Plucks off his Hat from his bald Noddle,
 And thus t'wards me presents his Fuddle.
Here honest Master, here's to thee,
To Englands Church Prosperitie;
And he's a Rogue, and he'd maintain-it,
That dare to speak a Word again-it.
 After we'd Cuff'd about our Ale,
 And each in's turn had told his Tale,
 The following Point we chance to pitch-on,
 (Being half Fuddled) was Religion.
 Then one begins, in a great Rapture,
 And runs a Gleaning though the Scripture;
 To prove it most Divinely True,
 That *Balaam* and his *Ass*s were Two:
 At which then I clap'd in a word,
 And swore by th' L---d, he made the Third,
 Then up starts he, in mighty Anger,
 And Swore, but that I was a Stranger,
 Or else he further wou'd contend-on't,
 Then bit his Nails, and there's an End-on't.

Another

Another he breathes forth an Hick-up,
 And gravely then begins to speak-up,
 That he'd before the World maintain,
Eve Damn'd her self with a Pearmain.
 I told him no, 'twas Fruit much Sweeter,
 Of a more Noble Charming Nature,
 That made her Liqu'rish Chops to water.
 At which he skip'd, to make evasions,
 From *Genesis* to th' *Revelations*:
 At last to th' Clouds his Fancy tost-him,
 Like Doctor *Sherley* there we lost-him.

A Third, who being more sedate,
 And seem'd not much to care to prate;
 Would now and then, by Chance, refine us,
 Some Godly Phrase, from *Tom Aquinas*:
 And then began to tell a Story,
 Of *Limbo*, and of *Purgatory*;
 And Quoted much *St. Gregory*.
 My Landlord, who had long sat silent,
 At this poor *St.* grew very Vi'lent,
 Saying, he was (excuse mistaking)
 A Popish *St.* o'th' Devils making.
 And then rail'd furiously on,
 Against the Whore of *Babylon*.
 Telling as many dreadful Stories,
 Of *Massacres*, and *Purgatories*;
 And how their Bloody Priests would Broil-us,
 Stew, Frigafie, nay Bake or Boil-us;
 And were so Exquesit in Evil,
 In wicked Snares they'd Trap the Devil.

Then one whose Argumental Fire,
 Spoke him some *Jesuit* or *Fryer*,
 Arose and Cry'd, he was a *Roman*:
 Profess'd the same, and valu'd no-man;
 He Huffs and Puffs, looks Big and Blusters,
 Speaking great Words to m' Host by Clusters:
 And Stagg'ring Swore, his Brains being Mellow,
St. Greg'ry was an honest Fellow.
 And as for Baking, Boiling, Frying,
 He Vow'd to G-d, 'twas all Damn'd Lying,
 Then one, a Chuch Clerk in the Town,
 At that same Word, began to Frown,

He smartly took him up, and short,
Which truly made us pleasant sport.
Says he, I'll hold you (*Sir*) a Shilling,
I'll prove the *Pope* to be a Villain:
That no such Pow'r to him is given,
With's Bulls to toss a Man to Heaven.

With that such Noise we had a while,
Lowd as the Cataracts of *Nile*:
Each strain'd his Lungs to keep on Prating,
No sweeter Musick at Bear-bating:
Noise, thro' the whole Society, went
For th' better part of Argument.
He that Bawl'd lowdest, we all cry'd,
Had the most Reason on his side.

Then one he made a lowd Oration,
Thumping the Table 'n Vindication
O'th' *Pope*, and Transubstantiation. }
At which the Psalmist grew so angry,
He roar'd like one perplex'd with Strang'ry.
At last, being raised (thro' Indignation)
To th' highest Pitch of Disputation,
Each Learned Point, to tell you truly,
Ended in You-ly Sir, and You-ly.

Thus Fir'd by heat of Argument,
The Disputants to Boxing went;
That Blows might give Determination,
To their deep Point in Disputation.
To it they fell, and Bang'd each other,
Amidst the *Spittle*, *Spew*, and *Smother*.
The Pipes and Noggins flew about,
And Candles all were soon put out;
Whilst I at distance stole away,
Not Caring for the Heat o'th' Fray, }
Yet stood where I might see fair Play,
For Poets (tho' they oft by Writing
Breed Quarrels) seldom care for Fighting.
Both Spur'd with Honour, in Bravado,
Each boldly stood the Bastinado.
One Scratch'd and Claw'd like any *Ferret*,
'Last t'other gave him such a wheret,
Who b'ing astonish'd at the Cuff,
Cry'd out, O L---d I have enough.

The mighty Conquerer then sat down,
 With torn Clothes and broken Crown.
 His Victim from the Ground arose,
 First blow'd, and then he wip'd his Nose;
 Which truly much reviv'd the Noddy,
 To find 'twas *Snoty* more than *Bloody*.

The Clerk who stood in Vindication
 Of England's People, Church, and Nation,
 With painful threshing let us see,
 How he could Maul down *Popery*.

When the smart Combate thus was ended,
 And the Clerk's Courage much commended,
 To make the Champions both amends,
 We all agreed they should be Friends,
 Provided they would each be willing,
 On that Account, to spend a Shilling.
 They answer'd yes, if it were Ten,
 And so shook hands like honest Men.

The *Tapster* we began to call-on,
 To fill the Jug that held a Gallon.
 Who should step in, from out the Gate-way,
 But our Church-Cesar's, *Cleopatra*;
 Who Ent'ring in a might Passion,
 Gave her great Lord this Salutation.

You Rogue, you Rascal, are you not
 A Silly, Sorry, Sapehead Sot,
 To thus sit bugging of a Pot;
 And let your poor young Infants Mutter,
 At home, for want of Bread and Butter?
 You'll find, you Beast, your Guzzling Ale
 Will one day bring you to a Goal.
 Be Judge your self; would it not vex-one,
 To see how handsomely the Sexton
 Maintains his Wife and Family,
 In all her Silks and Bravery:
 When I, 'tis well known, since my Marriage,
 Have wanted Bread to Crumb my Porridge,
 And you that are the Clerk o'th' Parish,
 In Ale (you Sot) to be so Lavish?
 I will appeal, is't not a hard thing,
 No one will trust us for a Farthing?
 Nay, don't you Grin, and thus perplex-me:
 I Vow to Gad, if once you vex-me,

You

*You know I shall not be afraid,
 To fling the Flaggon at your Head.
 You're a fit Man to say Gods Word!
 You say Amen! You say a Turd.
 These Practices you know are Evil:
 You Clerk to th' Church! You Clerk to th' Devil.
 Rise and go Home, or by my Soul,
 I'll split your Noddle with the Bowl.*

*The Noddy fear'd to disobey,
 Arose, took leave, and went away.
 The rest, as well as he, God-wot,
 Be'ng Govern'd by the Petticoat,
 Fearing their Wives in Indignation,
 Should blow up our Association,
 With Sparkling Eyes, and Flaming Noses,
 They all reel'd Home unto their Spouses:
 Leaving my Host and I to Prate,
 Of some Affairs concerning State.
 Says he, *What if the King of Spain
 Should die? I pray you, Sir, What then?*
 Why then said I, to tell you true,
 The Lord knows what will then ensue,
 To the great Good of God knows who.
 Then one Man very high would grow,
 Another Tumble down as low;
 The same thing as it was you know,
 About a Hundred Years ago,
 Which *Bakers Chronicle* will Show.
*Truly, says he, 'tis mighty Strange,
 Lord send us then a better Change.**

*By this time we were got so Fudled,
 That both our Brains, in Truth were adled.
 Thus like true Sots we neither started
 Till Drunk, and so to Bed departed.*

*A drowsie Tike who born far North,
 From Chimney-Corner then step'd forth:
 His bunch of Keys begins to handle,
 And kindles up a Farthing Candle.
 Then Rubs his Eyes, and Scratches his Head,
 And Lights me blund'ring up to Bed;
 Into a Room not Large but Little,
 Well lin'd with *Cobwebs, Dirt, and Spittle:**

Where

Where sev'ral Buggy-Beds stood up,
 As close as Looms in Weavers Shop.
 Where Snoaring in Black Shirts there lay-Men,
 Whose Sweaty Toes stunk worse than Dray-men;
 Ad's-wounds, said I, you Rogue, you Dog,
 Why what do'st take me for a Hog,
 A Pedler, Drover, or a Carman,
 To here Pig in, amongst such Vermin?
 Pray know, you Rascal, you'r mistaken;
 I feed not upon Rusty Bacon.
 I do believe thou think'st to day,
 I'm got thus Drunk with *Curds* and *Whey*.
 Shew me, you *Whip-shire Northern-Clown*,
 His Worships Room, with Bed of Down,
 Kept Lock'd against he comes to Town,
 Or I shall crack your addled Crown.
By'r Lady, Sir, (quo' he) by th' Mass,
Ise show you that, 'tis all a Case,
For if his Worship comes to Morrow:
He's do the like, the meere's my Sorrow:
Marry Lig there, or where it Please-ye,
God-take-me, Sir, Ise no sick Nissey,
To stand a Drub; I can delay,
As well until another Day.

With this my Lank-hair'd Chamber Groom,
 Convey'd me to a Noble Room,
 Wherein all Night I Slept and Snoar'd,
 Spew'd, Belch'd, and Farted, like a Lord.
 Waking i'th' Morning very dry,
 (Drunk o'er Night, the Reason why)
 I thump'd and roar'd like any Dragon,
 Till quench'd my Drought, with double Flaggon.
 Then 'rose (and that which made me Titter)
 As stiff as Stone-Horse from his Litter;
 For Merry Wives will say by stealth,
 It is a Noble sign of Health;
 Altho' asham'd to let us hear-'em,
 Left we, unlucky Wags, should Jear-'em.
 My Obsolete Accoutrements,
 Disfigur'd much with Holes and Rents,
 I then put on, my Tilter Hanging
 Like *Beau*, of very Ancient standing.
 Then with a bold, not brazen Face,
 Did to my Host make known my Case,
 In down right Words (t' avoid suspicion)
 I open'd plain my *Job's* Condition.
 My Landlord grin'd, scratch'd, humm'd, and haw'd,
 And then his Fingers-ends he gnaw'd,
 Replying thus, —

To me you know, Sir, you're a Stranger,
 And yet I hope there is no Danger,
 But that your Moneys and your Lands
 Will quickly come into your Hands;

And then, I pray Sir, when you can,
Take care to prove an honest Man.
Since 'tis, as 'tis, all I can say,
You're Welcome, tho' you cannot Pay.

Tho' he spoke fair, I knew he Ly'd;
What his Tongue said, his Looks deny'd.
Howe'er I gave him thanks for Answer,
And so bestrid my Noble Prancer,
Who having Cruft and Ale devour'd,
Cock'd Tail, and like a Dragon scowr'd.

To my Attorneys then I Rod,
To ask of him how Matters stood,
Who told me *Grany's* Will (in fine)
Was made quite opposite to mine:
That my Pretensions all were nought,
For she had given ev'ry Groat,
T' her Daughter *Doll*, who liv'd i'th' House,
And had not left poor *Ned* a Soufe.
This baulk'd my hopes of being Rich,
And made me Scratch, where't did not Itch.
No Money left (thought I) O sad,
Nor Credit neither, that's as bad:
A glander'd, tir'd, founder'd Horse,
Ads-hearly-wounds, 'tis worse and worse;
Was ever Wretch beneath this Curse?

I ask'd the Scribe to lends a Guinea,
He Snees'd, and said he had not any;
I fell to a Crown, and then he Swore,
He'd pay'd it all but just before;
No bor'wing P——t——ls of a Whore.
My Nag and I, then turn'd our Arses,
And breath'd out, in Revenge, these Curses.
The Gout afflict thy Hands and Toes,
And may thy Reins be always Froze;
May'st thee be Plagu'd with Cough all Night,
And Hard-bound when thou go'st to S——.

Thus Jade and I, for want of Pence,
Became the Care of Providence,
Who brought us safely up to Town,
But Poor as when we first went down.
Poets I find, in spight of Fate,
Are never to be Rich or Great:
Their wealthy Store consists in Thought,
Born never to be worth a Groat.
Heav'n's Will shall ne'er want my Consent,
What e'er's my Lot, I'll be Content;
And bear with Patience, what I can't Prevent.

Reflections on a Country Corporation.

THE Town 's an Ancient Corporation,
Where Women hold a Tolleration.
For Univerfal Copulation.

Of what Degree so e'er, or Function,
The Females never want Conjunction,
So great's their Love t'wards Humane Uñction.

Adultery and Fornication,
Are practic'd through the Corporation,
As proper means for Generation.

Cuckolds and Misers here are Plenty,
Many Mechanicks, and Few Gentry,
Whose Bags are full, and Skulls are empty,
Their Justices, to Speak the Best-on,
Are Country 'Squires, the People Rest-on;
But Fools enough you need not Question.

Honest Men Precious are as Rubies;
Their *May'rs* Successively are Boobies,
And *Aldermen* great Brawny Loobies.

The Top o'th' Town are *Petty-Foggers*,
The Mean, are *Mercers* and *Corn-Jobbers*,
The Lowest, common *Whores* and *Robbers*.

As for Religions, there are many
Profest, but few that Practice any;
They'd deny G——d to gain a Penny.

The Puny sort, are kind of Franticks,
Who Pray and Prate on Stools like Anticks,
Follow'd by Spiritual Pedanticks.

Tea and *Nay's* their Communication,
Swearing they hold 's Abomination,
But *Whoring* as a small Transgression.

They Cackle Doctrine by the Spirit,
Who lies, and says they shall Inherit
A Heavenly Kingdom, by their Merit.

For all their canting, Pious Prating,
And Godly Humming, at their Meeting,
Their Conscience let's them Live by Cheating.

Next these, there are two Learning Factions,
Who rule the Roast, at all Elections,
And with delight brew State Distractions.

These are the Godly Tribes we Read-off,
Who cut the *Royal Martyrs* Head-off;
These are the Rogues Old-Nick has Need-off.

So Fix'd their Principles ne'er alter;
So Honest, each deserves a Halter;
So Learn'd, scarce one can Read his Salter.

'Tis true, the Pastors of the Zealous,
Such Doctrins will in Tub Reveal-us,
You'd think 'twas Magick from *Cornelius*.

At such deep Notions they'll be Reaching,
That all the tedious hours they're Teaching,
You'd think them *Conjuring*, not *Preaching*.

Their Lawyers too, by Gods great Mercy,
Enough of Latin can Rehearse-ye,
To fill up *Noverint Universi*.

To give more ample Definition,
Of these, the Sowers of Sedition,
We'll do't by way of Supposition.

They th' Benefit o'th' *Clergy* needing,
I doubt but few, for all their Pleading,
Could save their Necks by their Right Reading.

The chief of these the Town relies on,
And thinks he is a very Wise-one,
But Honest, as their Fat *Excise-man*.

If all the Tribe were *Fools*, what then?
They may be *Wiser*, God knows when;
But *Cuckolds* still, Wives say *Amen*.

The Authors Lamentation.

A Shirt I have on, little better than none,
In Colour much like to a Cinder,
So *Thin* and so *Fine*, it is my design,
To present it the *Muses* for *Tinder*.
My blew Fustian Breeches, so fal'n in the Stitches,
You may see what my Legs have between 'em,
My Pockets all four, I'm a Son of a Whore,
If a Devil a Penny be in 'em.
A Hat I have on, which so Greasy is grown,
It Remarkable is for it's Shining,
One side is stitch'd up, 'stead of Button and Loop,
But the Devil a bit of a Lining.
My Coat it is turn'd, with the Lappets Pifs-burn'd,
So out at the Arm-pits and Elbows;
That I look as Absurd, as a Seaman on Board,
Who has lain half a Year in the *Bilboes*.
I have Stockins 'tis true, but the Devil a Shooe,
I am forc'd to wear Boots all Weathers,
Till I've broke my Spur-Row'lls, and Damn'd my Boot Souls,
And Confounded my Upper-Leathers.
My Beard is grown long, as Hogs bristles, and strong,
Which the Wenches so woundily stare-at,
The Colour is Whey, mix'd with Orange and Grey,
With a little small spice of the Carret.
I have a Long Sword, you may take't on my Word,
For the Blade is a *Tolledo* Trusty,
The handle is bound, with a black Ribbon round,
And the Basket-hilt damnable Rusty.
O had you but seen, the sad State I was in,
You'd not find such a Poet in Twenty,
I'd nothing that's full, but my Shirt and my Scull,
For my Guts and my Pockets were empty.
As true as I Live, I have but one Sleeve,
Which I wear in the room of a Cravat,
In this plight I wait, to get an Estate,
But the Devil knows when I shall have it.

